The Cryes

OF

Weſtminſter.

Or the Parliament Pedlar, with his whole Pack of Knavery opened, and ſet to ſale.

Come Cuſtomers, come : Pray ſee what you lack,
Her's *Parliament Wares* of all ſorts in my Pack.

Who buyes any *Parliament Priviledges*?
My new Priviledges.
'Twill teach you many pretty things,
And make you above Gods or Kings.
These are the Cryes of Weſtminſter,
That are heard both far and neer.
But a while I pray ſtand by,
And you ſhall hear another cry.

Who buyes the Parliaments *Declaration* againſt
the King : New, new, new.
'Twill ſurely unblinde your eyes,
That you may read a hundred lyes.
Thus goe the Cryes, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance to repair Churches :
A new Ordinance, new, new, new.
The *Achans* now reſtore the Wedge,
To ſalve their Saintſhips *Sacriledge.*
Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Buy a new Ordinance of the Commons, againſt Stage-players. New-lye printed, and new-lye come forth.
Saints now alone muſt *Act* for Riches,
The Plott out-ſmells old *Atkins* breches.
Thus goe the Cryes, &c.

Buy a new Order of Parliament, That none ſhall make any more Adreſſes to the King, or receive any Meſſage from him, upon pain of High-treaſon, Impriſonment, death, or plundering. But when theſe ſhall ſwing in a ſtring, true Subjects will obey their King.
Challonner, Mildmay, Martin, Veine,
Are fitting of their crowns to reigne.
These are the Cryes, &c.

Buy a new Plott, found out by Sir *John Wray*, to blow up the Thames, or the City to betray, 'tis as true as all the reſt, before nere known by man nor beaſt.
'Twill keep you ſtill in Jealouſies and Fears,
And ſets you all together by the Ears.
Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Buy the Four Bills ſent by the Parliament, from *Selden* and my Lady *Kent*; after long Debate of this bleſſed Parliament ; Who buyes the Four Bills here. Great CHARLES he will not betray his Truſt unto ſuch as they; his Honors ſtill intire; his Conſcience try'd nine times ith' Fire; the Devill give all his foes their hire; and raiſe them toward heaven above a halter nyer.
Let all the People ſay, Amen,
For we ſhall ne're have Peace till then.
Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Who byes any Biſhops Houſes, or their goods, Books, houſhold-ſtuffe or hoods; here are good paſture grouds, corn, hay and graſſe in all our Rouds, if it be not all good, the Devill confound's. Amen.
May all the Trees to gibbits turn,
Or firing make, to hang or burn,
Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Have you any old Arrears for the Army, Ile give you tickets for em; have you any Subſidies, Poll-money, Loanes or Contributions, have you any Plate, Horſe, or Armes, old bodkins or Thimbles or wedding Rings, have ye any; Have you any more *Iriſh Adventures* for ſale of lands, or a trick for one meal a week. City Loans have you any ; or Aſſeſſments for the *Scots*; have you any Five and Twenty Parts, weekly or monthly Aſſeſſments for *Eſſex, Fairfax, Mancheſters*, the Scots or Iriſh Army; Free-Quarter have you any. Have you any of his Majeſties Revenue to ſell, Old Sequeſtrations or Plunder: have you any more Exizes; or Fortification-money, or Fynes for Delinquents Compoſitions, &c. or a new Ordinanance for 400000*l*. the moneth.
This is our *Liberty* for to pay
The Saints that now King *Charles* betray.
Thus goe the cryes of Weſtminſter,
That are heard both far and neer,
But a wile I pray ſtand by,
And you will hear another cry.

The Second Part,

To the ſame Tune.

MY New Articles of Faith, who buyes the Parliaments new Faith ? You may ſee by their WORKS, they are worſe then Jews or Turks; let their faith be what it will, their Religion is to Kill.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Who buyes any Parliament jugglings of the neweſt faſhion, *Hocus Pocus* never ſhew'd more to cheat the Nation; here is a trick, by *Martins* ring, ſhall ſuddenly depoſe a King; *Tom* ſhews you a pritty trick alſo, and at *New-maret* and St. *Albanes* tells us what he means to doe : Truſty *Thomas*, thus keeps his Promiſe with his King; grace forſake him, devill take him, may all ſuch falſe Knaves ſwing.

Thus goe the Cryes, &c.

Who buyes the Army's *Propoſalls*; cuſtomers pray draw neer, the Devill in his pack had nere ſuch geere; Here's *Cromwells* ma-maſter-peece, 'twill blinde your eyes, & fill your head with Fifteen hundred Lies.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

Her's a fine Order, was the like ever ſeen, ſhall murder all that Love their King or their Queen, a knot of ſuch Trayterous Regicides were ſurely never ſeen, as *Challoner*, *Mildmay*, *Martyn* and *Veine*, all Parliament Kings, that over us reigne : They are all glutted with their fellow ſubjects blood, and yet pretend their good; but pray let it be underſtood, for all *Burleys* blood, before *Ienkins* ſhall die, a hundred thouſand in the City of *London* will try, to make *Martyn*, and all ſuch Roagues to fly.

These be the cryes of London Towne,
Some goe up Street, ſome goes downe,
But a while I pray ſtand by,
And you will hear another cry.

A new Ordinance pray come and buy, to eſtabliſh the Presbytery; what Religion next, put's me beyond my text ? if this wont pleaſe you, ſee another, pray Sir try, for I have a hundred more, here in my Pack, for you to buy.

These be the cryes, &c.

Who buyes a new Order, to new dip the Kings ſhips, and to their eternall fames, give them all new names; the Parliaments Ships forſooth; the *Royall Soveraigne* muſt be the *Royall Traytor*, the *Prince*, the *Parliament Pinck*, and the whole Fleet the *Parliaments Navie*; O brave pyrats, whether are you bound, let croſſe windes toſſe you, whilſt you all are dround.

Thus to the world they make it known,
Crown, Scpter, ſhips, & ALL's their own.

These be the cryes, &c.

VVho buyes a new *Petition* from *Tanton*, that the Devil brought the laſt great winde, and the Traytos now vant on. New, new, new, but as faſe as God is true; and ſo you juggling Devills all, Adue.

Thus goe the cryes, &c.

An Execration to all that hate King CHARLES.

May God forſake ye, may the Devill, take ye, May the pox eate up your bones, conſume your rotten Members, and burne up both fleſh & bones to embers; may the palſie ſhake your hands and heads, and bloody viſions hant your beds; all Egypts plagues and ten times more wait on you all at either door; May all your wives turn arrant jads, and you live upon [illegible] trades; may the gowt be in you toes, and no end be to your wooes, may no Surgeon hear your moans; and all your joyes be ſighs & groans may the running of the Reines, or the Quinſie craze your brains; May the toothach, and the feaver, to plague you ſtill doe their endeavor; May the Strangullion be your beſt friend, and nere forſake you till your end; May you be the peoples ſcorne, and curſe the houre that you were borne; May *Bedlam* or *Bridewell*, be all the houſe you have to dwell; May your childrens children begg from one door to another, bereft of Parets, freinds, Father and mother; May a guilty Conſcience alwayes affright ye, and no earthly joyes delight ye; May you have aches in your rotten bones, gravell in your kidneys and your ſtones; May your Daughters all turn Whores, and their Fathers keep the doores, May they never ſleep in quiet, and fear Poyſon in their diet; May they never Curſing lack, and ſo the *Pedler* ſhuts his pack.

Only when as they die, ('cauſe they were never true)
And that their ſouls depart, Devil claim thy due.

The ſecond Edition, *corrected and amended*: printed in a *hollow-tree*, for the good of the *State*.

C.175.e.2(8)

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